

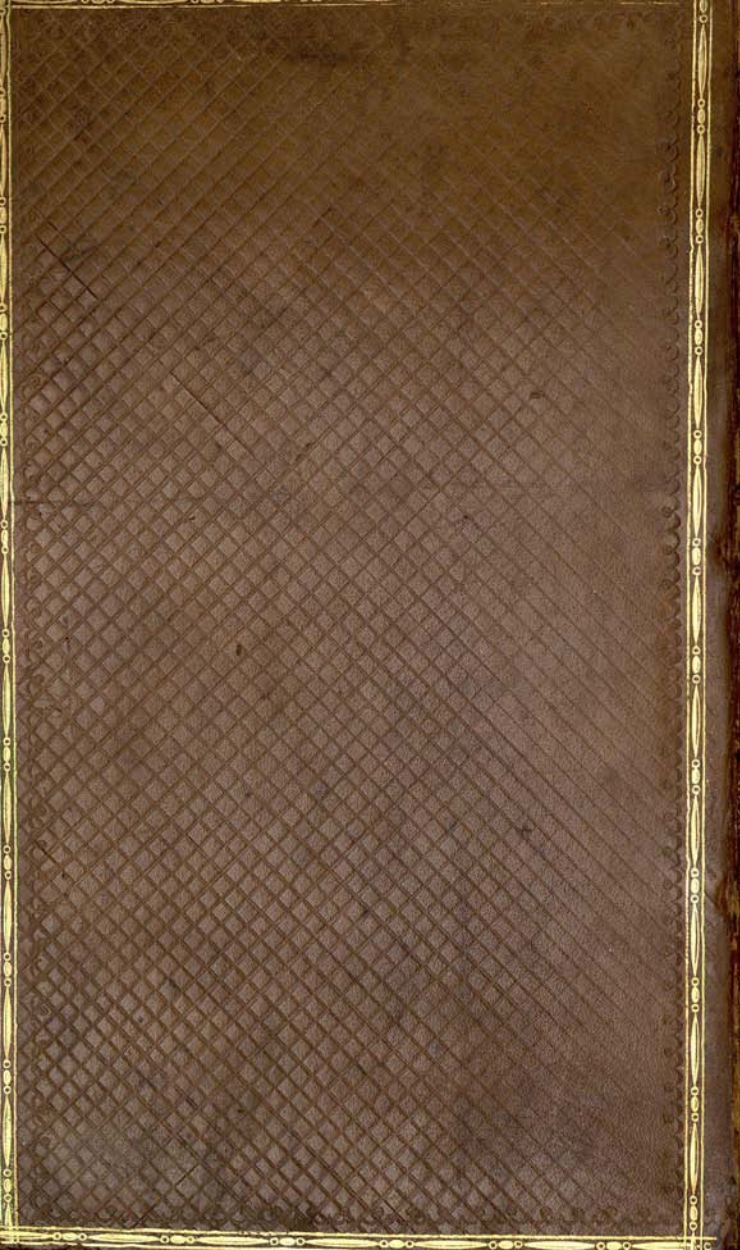


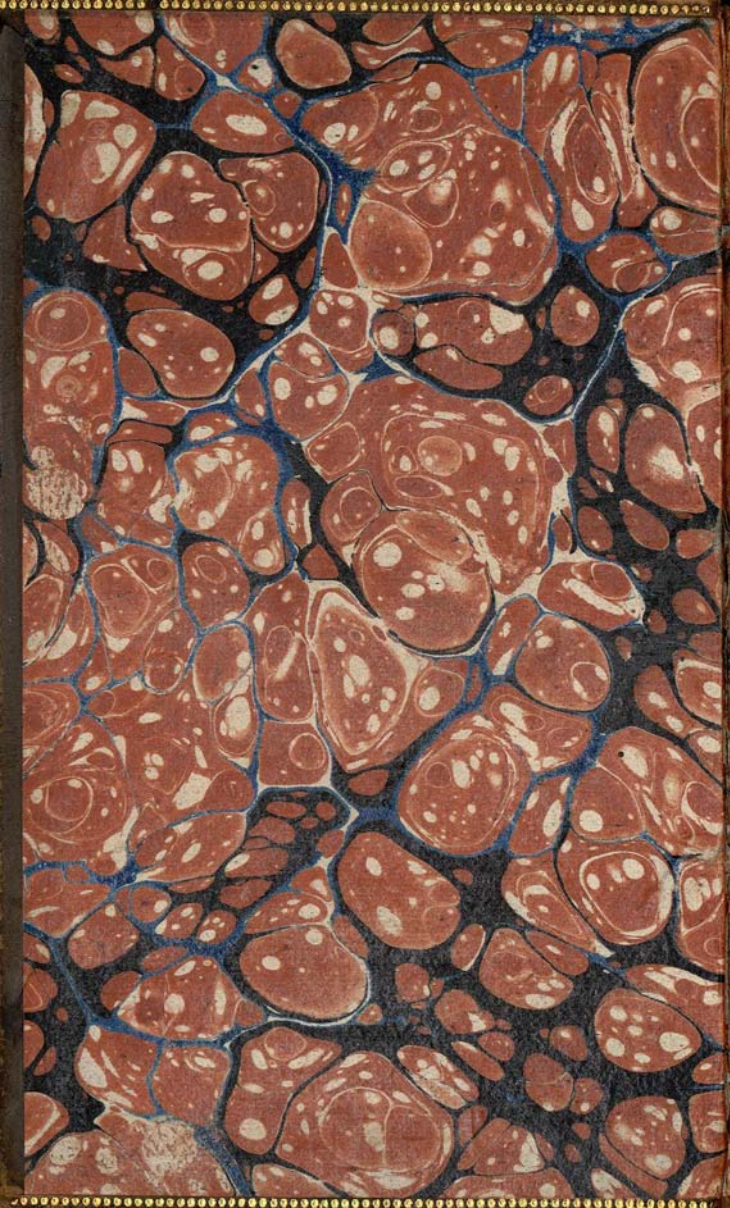
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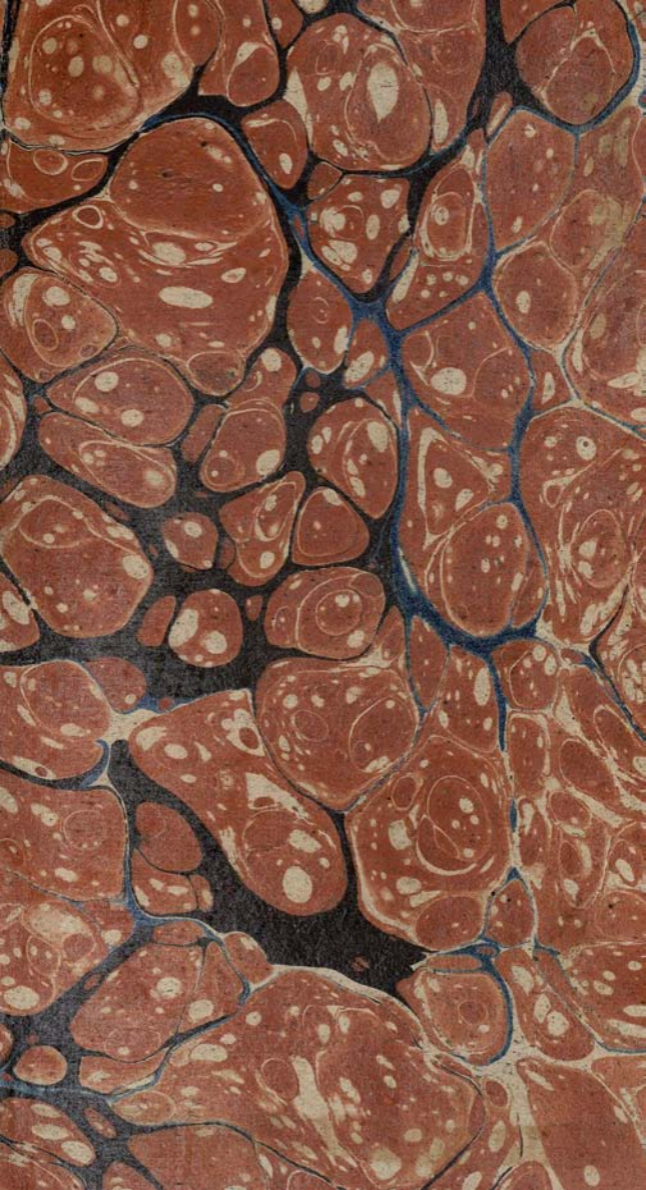


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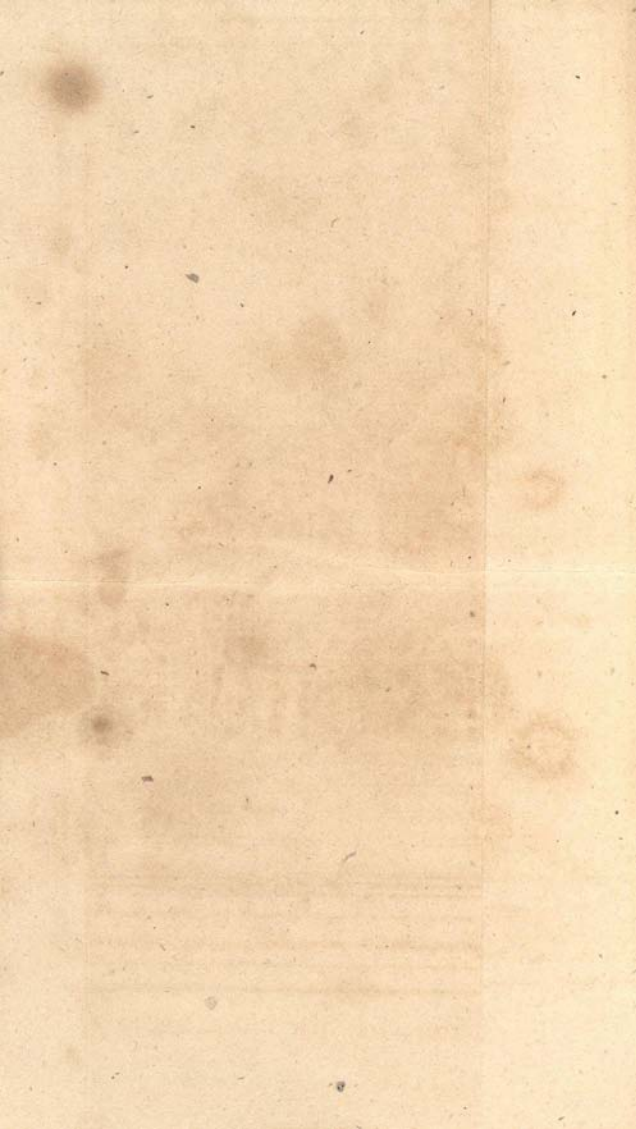
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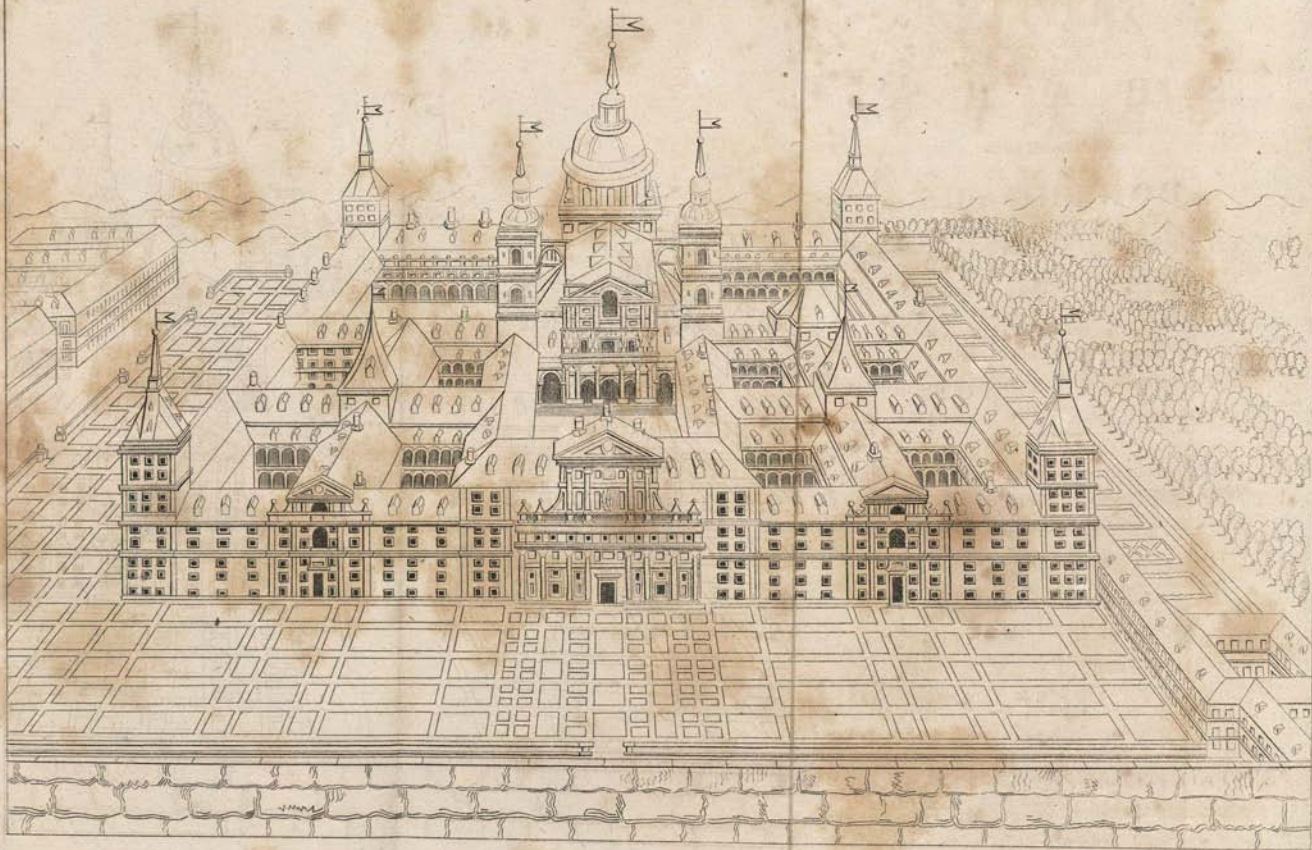
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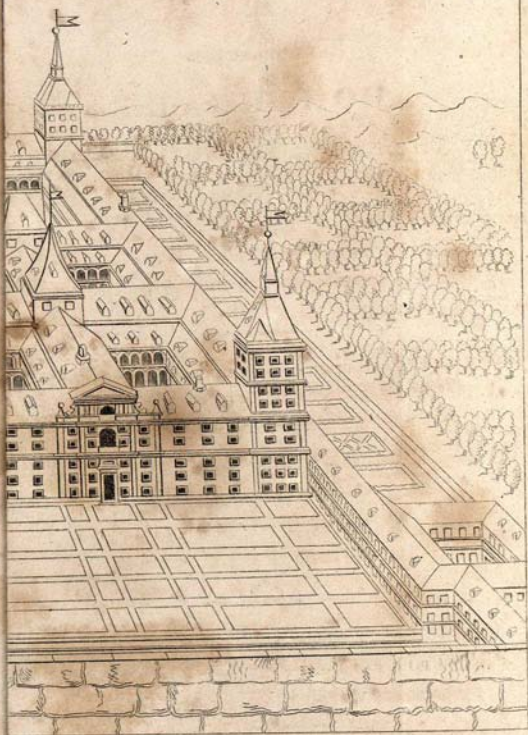






PALACE OF THE ESCURIAL.

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London.

TRAVELS
THROUGH
S P A I N
AND PART OF
PORTUGAL,
BY THE REV. G. D. WHITTINGTON,
Late of St. John's College, Cambridge.
INTERSPERSED WITH COMMERCIAL, STATISTICAL, AND
GEOGRAPHICAL DETAILS,
BY THE EDITOR.

“Half a word fixed upon or near the spot, is worth a cart-load of recollection.”—GRAY'S LETTERS.

A NEW EDITION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. I.

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1809.

T. Gillet, Crown-court.

TRAVELS

THROUGH

S. P. A. T. N.

AND PART OF

PORTUGAL

BY THE REV. G. W. WOODSTOCK

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF HARVARD

WITH A HISTORY OF THE COUNTRY

AND A DESCRIPTION OF THE

MONUMENTS AND REMAINS

OF THE

ANTIQUITIES OF THE COUNTRY

AND A HISTORY OF THE

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OF THE

ANTIQUITIES OF THE COUNTRY

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MONUMENTS AND REMAINS

OF THE

ANTIQUITIES OF THE COUNTRY

AND A HISTORY OF THE

1809

T. C. B. G. & C.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following pages claim the merit of extreme accuracy. They were written upon the spot, when the impressions they describe were strong and precise, by an accomplished Gentleman, lately deceased; and appeared in detailed parts in a periodical work.

The objects which they embrace are such as naturally present themselves to a person who travels through a country for amusement; and as every one has his particular taste for observation, they will not be found without novelty or interest, especially as it is some time since any authentic account has appeared of the interesting part of Europe which is the subject of them.

Exclusively of such topics as usually attract the fleeting notice of the traveller, the Work will be found to contain a small portion of Commercial, Statistical, and Geo-

ADVERTISEMENT.

graphical Details, which the Editor has collected with industry from various sources, and which he hopes will be read with interest in connection with the original narrative.

PREFACE.

SPAIN is one of the countries of Europe with which we are most imperfectly acquainted, and yet its monuments are most various, and its history the most interesting of any.

Rich in all the productions of nature, it is further embellished by the ingenuity of many ages, and the genius of various nations. The majesty of the Roman temples there forms a singular contrast with the delicacy of the Arabic monuments, and the Gothic architecture with the simple beauty of the modern edifices.

The clouds which cover the primitive history of Spain do not begin to be dissipated, till the period when the Phœnicians arrived, and formed establishments in the country, before uncivilized and unknown. It is supposed that they landed in the island of St. Peter, where they constructed the temple of Hercules, the remains of which are still to be seen when the sea ebbs more than usual. Soon afterwards, the town of Gades or Gadir was erected; Calpe and Abyla became renowned for the two columns denominated the Pillars of Hercules, on which the Phœnicians engraved the inscription, *Non plus ultra*.

The Greeks, the pupils of the Phœnicians in the art of navigation, did not fail to share with them the advantages of this discovery. They

established an extensive commerce in Spain, and founded several cities, among the rest Ampurias and the unfortunate Saguntum : but the Carthaginians, possessing still greater skill and power, soon made themselves masters of the whole peninsula ; and such they would have remained, had not the Romans, who alone were able to dispute with them this brilliant conquest, at length succeeded in their efforts to wrest it from them.

In the hope of escaping from servitude, the Spaniards sometimes endeavoured to defend themselves ; but more frequently deceived by the phantom of a generous alliance, they faithfully promoted the views of their different oppressors. Thus three cities chose rather to perish than to surrender ; Saguntum, from attachment to

the Romans; Astapa in Bœtica, to the Carthaginians, and Numantia for the sake of liberty.*

Exhausted by all these calamities, Spain at length began to breathe, and by degrees to recruit her strength under the peaceable dominion of the Romans. Induced by the fertility of her soil, and the richness and variety of her productions, that people founded numerous colonies in Spain; military roads were opened in every quarter; aqueducts conveyed to the cities the tribute of the waters; triumphal arches reminded the conque-

* In our own days Barcelona suffered a similar fate, rather than surrender to the Duke of Berwick; and on that occasion, the leader of the citizens was a person of no higher rank than a shoemaker.

rors of their glory; theatres and circuses effaced from the minds of the vanquished the memory of their misfortunes.

Saguntum saw its walls reared once more; Merida, Tarragona, Cordova, Salamanca, Segovia, and other towns, admired the splendor of their new edifices, the glorious testimonies of the predilection of Rome for this country, the rival of Italy.

This happy administration did not last long. Rome, when mistress of the world, soon became as odious as Carthage. Spain had its Clodius and its Verres; and the most beautiful province of the empire of the Cæsars was also the most wretched.

The Asturians and Cantabrians alone

preserved their independence, amid their mountains. Augustus undertook their subjugation; they defended themselves, and most of them perished sword in hand. The poets of Rome celebrated this cruel victory, but posterity admires only its victims.

Spain was subject to the Romans till toward the conclusion of the fourth century. The northern nations, after having ravaged the other countries of Europe, penetrated into Spain during the reign of Honorius: the Suevi made themselves masters of Galicia and part of Portugal; the Alani and Vandals of Bœtica. The Goths, following at the heels of these ferocious conquerors, compelled the Alani and Vandals to retire to Africa; the Suevi made a longer resist-

ance, but, being at length conquered by Leovigildus, they ceased to be a distinct people, and all Spain received law from the Goths.

This invasion of barbarous nations gave a mortal blow to the fine arts in a country covered with their master-pieces: yet what numismatic riches, how many monuments have escaped the devastation!

The Goths did not discover in these ruins the model of a pure taste and regular beauty. They would have surpassed the Romans, had they striven to imitate them, but they took a different route. Hence those singular edifices which enriched architecture with a new order; a composite, strange, motley order, minute in the details, and sometimes confused in the

whole, but religious, majestic, and whose long duration justifies its astonishing boldness.

The Goths, tranquil possessors of Spain, and enlightened by the gospel, begun to be civilized; but the climate which softened their character, repose which enervated their courage, prepared an easy victory for new conquerors.

The cruelty of King Vitiza, and the weakness of Rodrigo, accelerated the fatal moment, and Spain fell a prey to enemies till then unknown.

The Arabs, an ancient, wandering people, inhabiting deserts, joining the Moors, so called from their native country, Mauritania, made an irruption into the south of Spain, as the

Goths had previously done in the north. The fate of Spain was decided in the unfortunate battle of Xeres de la Frontera, where Rodrigo lost his throne and his life.

The conquerors, finding no other obstacles, took possession of all Spain, except those same Pyrenees which had so long preserved their ancient inhabitants from the Roman yoke. These mountains, and their caverns, afforded a refuge to such of the Spanish Goths as, collected by Pelagius, a prince of the blood-royal of that nation, were able to avoid the yoke of the Mussulmans.

This second invasion, which might naturally be supposed to have left the native Spaniards no trace of their laws, their customs, and national qua-

lities, produced a contrary effect : so amply have the blessings bestowed on this happy country seemed always to compensate the inhabitants for the severity of fortune.

The Moors were not long before they felt that influence which had softened the manners of the Goths, and taught them to relish the charms of a tranquil life. No sooner were the new conquerors happy, than they ceased to be barbarous. The principle of civilization was developed among them with extraordinary rapidity ; the love of letters ennobled their ideas, and purified their taste, without diminishing their courage. At Seville, at Grenada, at Cordova, schools and public libraries were opened ; and while christian Europe was covered with the clouds of igno-

rance, the genius of Averroes, and a multitude of learned men, enlightened the civilized Mussulmans.

Not content with patronizing the sciences, the moorish kings themselves cultivated them. How brilliant were the reigns of the Abdarhamans and the Mahomets! Those princes united the private virtues with military qualities; they were poets, historians, mathematicians, philosophers, and great captains; and many of them deserved a still more honourable appellation, that of the best of kings.

At this new epoch of the history of Spain, a new taste was introduced into the arts, and gave a direction to architecture in particular. The ancient structures of the Goths did not harmonize with the customs and the

religion of the Moors. The latter, indifferent to external decorations, reserved all their ingenuity for the interior of their edifices. There they lavished whatever was calculated to delight the senses, and to accord with a sedentary and voluptuous life. Hence the singular magnificence of their palaces and their mosques, that richness in their ornaments, that finish in the smallest details, which far surpass the beauty of the whole.

The arts were thus developing themselves among the Moors, when a spark concealed in the Asturias, produced a new conflagration, which extended to all Spain.

Pelagius having fled to the mountains, not only defended himself there with courage, but, under the banners

of the cross, ventured to conduct his troops into the countries contiguous to his retreat. This illustrious man, concerning whom we have, unfortunately but few particulars, had collected all the nobles of the Asturias and the rest of Spain. This force, which long proved invincible, was the instrument of the conquests of different chiefs, the ablest of whom made themselves sovereigns. By them were founded the kingdoms of Castile, Leon, Arragon, and Navarre, successively conquered from the Moors.

This war, which continued several centuries, has alternately the air of history and of romance, and appears worthy both of the narrative of a Livy and the fables of an Ariosto. It

consists of battles, sieges, assaults, and still more frequently of tournaments, banquets, and challenges, given and accepted with equal audacity.

In these celebrated lists triumphed the heroes whose exploits are recorded in the Spanish romances, and of these Rodrigo de Bivar, surnamed the Cid, particularly distinguished himself. Equal in virtue, and superior in power, to Bayard, he was, like him, the object of the veneration, not only of his brethren in arms, but also of the enemies of his country.

Reduced to the single kingdom of Grenada, the Moors there maintained themselves for several centuries; but, at length, expelled from their last

asylum, they were obliged to withdraw to Africa, where they soon resumed their primitive manners.

This important event was reserved to crown the felicity of Ferdinand and Isabella, and the arms of Gonsalvo de Cordova, seconded by other chiefs of equal celebrity.

Sovereigns of Spain and of the New World, Ferdinand and Isabella, after having attained the pinnacle of prosperity, had the misfortune to leave their immense possessions to a foreign dynasty. They formed the dowry of their daughter Joan, wife of Philip the Fair, Archduke of Austria, and mother of Charles V.

Fortune by her extraordinary favours, and Cardinal Ximenes, by a

wise administration, threw a lustre upon the reign of Charles V. at one and the same time Emperor of Germany and King of Spain.

The talents and genius of this prince seemed to have destined him for universal monarchy; and, to his own misfortune and that of the world, he aspired to it. Palled, however, with the pomp and pageantries of grandeur, he chose to end his days in retirement, and resigned the crown to his son, Philip. It is to the reign of these two princes that the revival of the arts in Spain may be ascribed.

Architecture boasts of the masterpieces of Toledo by Herrera; painting, of the productions of Ribera, Morales, and latterly, of Velasquez, Murillo, Cano, &c. The art of en-

graving was improved, and the Castilian tongue, embellished by superior writers of every class, became the universal language of Spain.*

The arts declined for some time, under the feeble dominion of the last Austrian princes, but they revived as soon as the victory of Almanza had established the claim of Philip V. to the Spanish crown.

That prince, with the monuments erected by Louis XIV. fresh in his memory, was desirous of reproducing the master-pieces with which he was familiar in his youth. He peopled,

* The Editor is indebted for the leading ideas of this Preface to the magnificent work entitled *Voyage Pittoresque de l'Espagne*, just published.

if we may so express ourselves, the environs of Madrid with the recollections of Versailles, the beauties of which yet lived in his imagination.

The new palace of Madrid, superior, perhaps, in richness and beauty, to every other in Europe, and the gardens of St. Ildefonso and Aranjuez, attest the taste and the magnificence of Philip V. His successors imitated this noble example, and the Academy of Arts, founded by Ferdinand VI. was not the only institution for which he deserved the gratitude of the Spaniards. But how much more were they indebted to his son and successor, Charles III., the benefactor of two kingdoms, after having built Caserta, and laid open the subterranean treasures of Herculaneum and Pompeii in the one, form-

ed in the other establishments, whose number and utility excite admiration. He acquired in both the title of a great and wise king, which, at his death, he bequeathed to his son, as the fairest portion of his inheritance.

Such is the sketch of the principal events which subjected Spain to various rulers. Revolutions, wars, and time itself, have not been able entire- to destroy the monuments which adorn that beautiful country, and the arts of the four different nations by whom it has been successively embellished.

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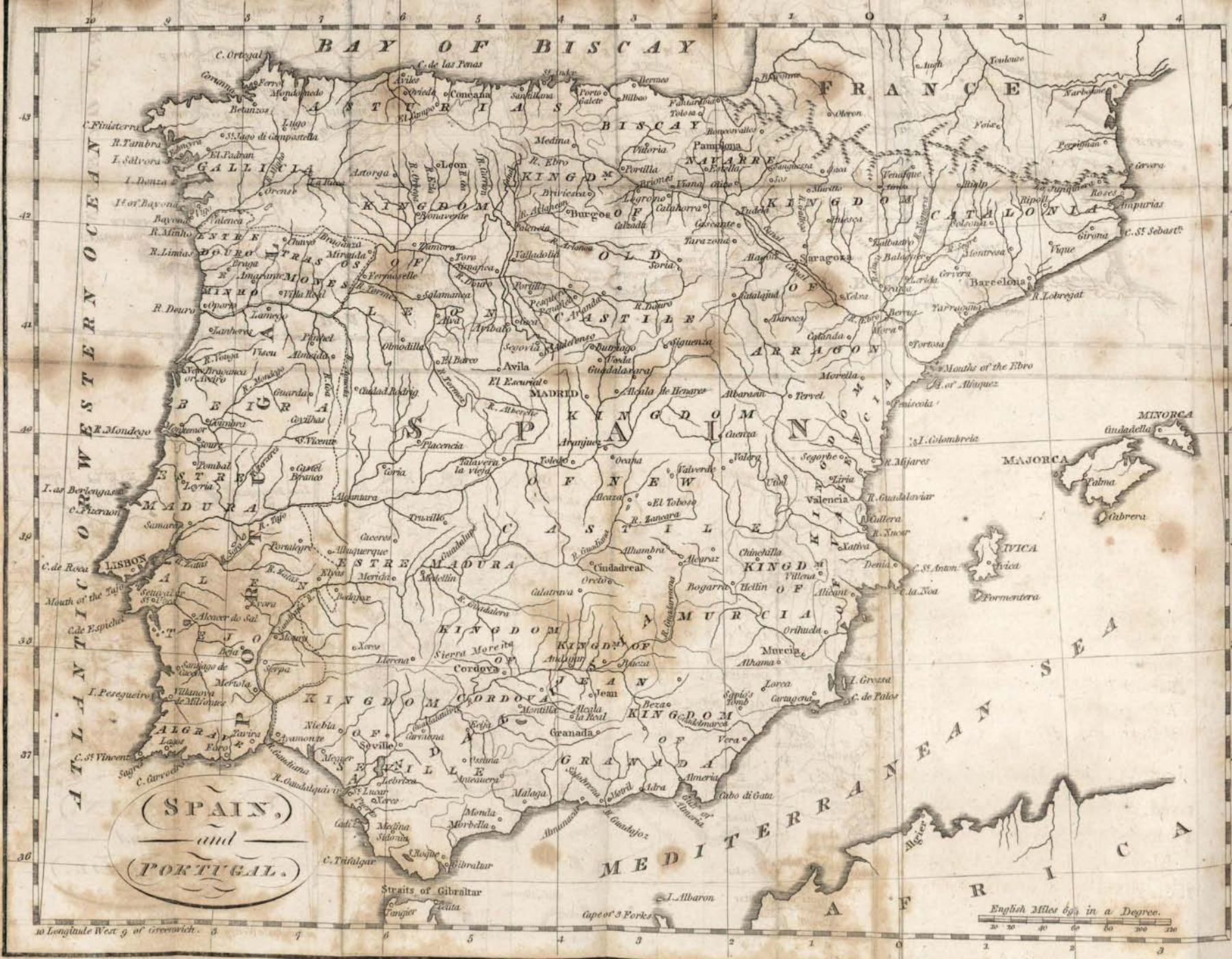
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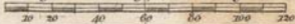
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TRAVELS

THROUGH

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CHAP. I.

Arrival at Barcelona.—The Port.—Cathedral.
Custom House.—Theatre.—Expences of a
journey to Valentia.—The king's visit to
Barcelona in 1802.—Villas.—Academy of
Arts.—Monjoich cannon foundry.—Palace
of Commerce.

ON the 22d of May 1803, we ar-
rived in the road of Barcelona, after
a passage of five days from Geona.

May 23. As we proceeded to the
stairs in the harbour, the first view of

the city particularly struck us by its neatness, and the novelty of the houses contiguous to the port, the greater part of which are new. A large building, the Tribunal of Commerce, stands in front; and the whole scene is exceedingly pleasing, though it exhibits little or nothing of magnificence. The great quay, however, is a noble work, by far the grandest I have seen any where: it was crowded with people, whose cleanliness, bustle, and costume surprised and delighted us. The appearance here is really more striking than I can describe; every body is in motion, and industry busy in every street.

Having secured apartments at *los cuatro naciones*, a new inn, we began our walk through the town. The cathedral is a small but venerable

Gothic building. The cloister planted with orange-trees, and surrounded by chapels, many of which have old armour, swords, and shields, suspended over their altars, is a fit introduction to such an edifice. But the church itself with its spiral stalls, "chaunted mass," gloomy aisles, and "dim religious light" struggling through a few rich windows, and resting at last upon the gilt traces of a high-wrought Gothic altar, carried me more forcibly than any thing I can remember into the darkest ages of monkish devotion. The Catholic ceremonies are fine only in their edifices; the effect of this altar to me, who had just landed from the tawdry "*crimped Grecian*"* spec-

* A very happy expression of Swinburne in his Sicilian Tour, to express the broken pediments,

tacles of Italy, the idea of its having remained in the same state for ages, and that it has never been profaned by French violence, struck me with a mingled sensation of reverence and satisfaction. Hence we proceeded into the world again; and at the custom-house, a solid, handsome, though not architecturally beautiful building, were present at the examination of our trunks, which was performed with great civility by an officer who was well acquainted with the English, French, and Italian languages. He inspected all my books, one of which was the common prayer; he read the title page aloud and returned it to me. The bustle of

mangled entablatures, and rusticated pilasters, of the Italian churches. Borromini may be considered as the most successful master in the art of *crimping*.

business in the custom-house is very great; and the strictness with which the baggage of travellers is generally examined, has been much complained of. In the evening we visited the theatre: as it begins as early as five o'clock, the Spanish comedy was over when we arrived; but we were in time for the ballet. The theatre is not very large: it is tolerably well constructed; but though neat in the extreme, is miserably deficient in decorations. It has three tiers of boxes and a gallery; a plain white curtain, festooned on a yellow ground; the stage boxes have pilasters adorned with brown arabesks; in the centre of the house is suspended a mean lamp; but the general effect, from its extreme neatness and cleanliness is not displeasing. The exterior bears the date of 1776. We were

best entertained with the ballet *Martilda di Orsino*, a bustling Spanish story. The scenery was new, well managed, and appropriate; the palace-view was better executed than any scene I have witnessed since I left Paris; the landscapes but indifferently. The dancers are all Italians; but the whole was conducted without extravagance or absurdity, after the French taste. We had only the *gusto Italiano* for five minutes at the end, when threewirling buffoes with white breeches made their appearance. The good taste which prevails in this department is owing to the first female dancer, La Perron, who received her education at Paris; she has considerable merit, and the actors are respectable. The orchestra is rather scanty. The house was by no means full; the company in the

boxes were neatly dressed, and the audience in general quiet and well behaved: the whole performance was finished at eight o'clock.

May 25. We began to think of preparing for our journey to Valentia; and for this purpose called upon M——, to whom we had letters of introduction, to ask his advice. He received us with the greatest kindness; and sent for the master of the mules to his house, that we might arrange fairly with him in his presence. We were astonished to find that it would cost us for the five mules requisite to carry us to Valentia by Montserrat (where we proposed stopping a day), eighty five dollars. The mule master informed us that we should be nine days on the road to Valentia, including the day to be spent on the mountain; and that we

must pay him eight days for his return. The plan was not altogether comfortable, and we considered the charge too exorbitant to be complied with.

The king's visit to Barcelona last year (1802) when the double marriage took place, is still the subject of conversation. The grandest scene on this occasion was, the three nights' procession representing the blessings of peace, and the ancient triumphs of Spanish history, particularly the eastern expeditions of the Catalans and Arragonese in the fourteenth century. The dresses are said to have been very splendid; but judging by the prints which are now sold, not much taste was displayed in the machines and decorations made use of in this festival. To discharge the expence, the town was laid under a contribu-

tion; an English merchant told us that his share amounted to seventy pounds. The king was a month on his road from Madrid, through Saragossa, and his retinue was like an army: upwards of eighty thousand persons, exclusive of the inhabitants of the city, were collected; and the Catalans felt a generous pride in observing that no accident or quarrel occurred, and no life was lost, notwithstanding the enmity subsisting between them and the Spaniards. This enmity is carried to such a height, that when it was proposed to strike a medal in honour of the king's visit, the academy of arts of St. Fernando, at Madrid, were requested to superintend the execution; but this body, actuated by a most illiberal and unworthy spirit, endeavoured to excuse themselves, and made every pos-

sible delay; which so enraged the Catalans, that they withdrew the business from their hands, and entrusted it to their own academy. The medal was produced in a month, and remains a record rather of their loyal zeal, than of their ability in the fine arts. The Prince of the Peace appeared here in greater state than the king himself: he was lodged in the palace of commerce, and had a guard of honour daily mounted before his door.

We were surprised to find the bishop's palace not more considerable than most of the better sort of houses in the town. The present prelate is much esteemed, and we heard from the English residents here a very favourable character of the Spanish hierarchy. We observed among the middle and lower orders of people all

that attention to religion which we expected. The booksellers' shops have an enormous proportion of theological literature: hardly any door is without a print of the Virgin, or some saint; and it is a common custom here to bow to a church in passing, when the bell is tolling.

About half-past one we walked to the *maison de plaisance* of Mr. ———, who had invited us to dinner: it was about two miles from the city. The whole surrounding country was sprinkled over with little boxes, generally consisting of a kitchen below, and above stairs a dining-room, a bed-room or two, and an open arcade; principally places for retirement and relaxation, but hardly any of them large enough for receiving a family. In our way to Mr. ———'s, we passed an ugly painted house,

with four towers ending in short spires, built by a viceroy of Peru, who sent the plan over from that country; and it is said to be a specimen of the Peruvian style of architecture: nothing can be more frightful, and it appears very small for an officer holding so high and lucrative a post. It stands close to the road, and is merely surrounded by a little garden.

After dinner we returned to Barcelona, which from the country has a pretty appearance, by a road bounded on each side by a hedge of lofty aloes. We were in time for the ballet, and the second act of the opera; which is performed twice a week by a company of Italians, at the theatre already described, which is indeed the only one in the city: it was executed in a very creditable style, and the first female has considerable vocal

powers. The house was extremely crowded. We visited the academy of arts, instituted in the palace of commerce, and supported in the most magnificent manner by the merchants of Barcelona. We were conducted through a long suite of apartments, in which seven hundred boys were employed in copying and designing: some of them, who display superior talents, are sent to Rome, and to the academy of St. Fernando at Madrid; the others are employed in different ways by the merchants and manufacturers. The rooms are large and commodious; and are furnished with casts of celebrated statues, and every proper apparatus. We observed a few drawings of considerable merit, produced by the scholars: but the grand picture before us of liberality and industry, amply rewarded

our visit; and was the more striking to us, from having of late been continually accustomed to lament the traces of neglect and decay, so visibly impressed on every similar institution in the impoverished cities of Italy.

May 26. The fortress of Monjoich, which lies to the south of the city, is remarkably strong, particularly on the side towards Valentia; but it is believed that the principal object of the government in building it, was to keep the free spirit of the Catalans in subjection, by commanding the chief town of the principality: it would require three thousand men to defend it against an enemy. The view of the city from the walls of the fortress is very complete. I cannot by any means allow that it contains a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants; two-thirds of that num-

ber accords better with its general appearance, and even then perhaps the amount would be over-rated. There is nothing of magnificence in this prospect; any one who can imagine a pretty white town with a few ugly steeples rising out of it, backed by a range of hills which are sprinkled over with little pleasure-houses, will have an accurate idea of the general view of Barcelona. The prospect from Monjoich towards the south, is a fine plain, rich beyond description, through which the Llobregat flows into the sea, which it discolours to a great distance. This plain is terminated by hills; and through an opening of these Montserrat is plainly discovered. The west side of the fortress is bounded by the sea, which washes the foot of the precipice on which it stands. In descending Mon-

joich, while we were meditating on its name, we observed a stone by the road-side, which had the remains of an Hebrew inscription; but I could neither learn its history, nor that of the mountain. At the inn we found the master of the mules; with whom we agreed for two good beasts and an attendant, to carry us to Montserrat on the following day. We are to pay four dollars for going, and the same for returning, for two mules; and three dollars a-day for the time we choose to remain there.

The cannon-foundry at Barcelona is a magnificent establishment; and as the workmen are kept constantly in employ, the store of artillery must be immense. An officer of the engineers shewed us the furnace with the brass prepared which is to be melted to-morrow: and afterwards

carried us into the workshop, where the operations of boring, scraping, polishing, and ornamenting the cannon, were going on with great alacrity. Another officer conducted us to the magazine of fire-arms, sufficient for a hundred and fifty thousand men; all are well kept, and shutters are making to preserve them still more carefully. We were next shewn the department where gun-carriages, artillery-carts, &c. are manufactured: a considerable number of persons were preparing wood and iron for these purposes. This superb cannon-foundry is inferior only to that of Seville. When the king was here, several cannon were cast in his presence. We observed in the principal workshop an image of the Virgin, placed in a conspicuous station, with candles before her; and the common prints of

St. Francis and St. Anthony pasted up on almost every part of the walls of the manufactory.

The palace of the Tribunal of Commerce has precisely the appearance of an English town-hall, or sessions-house of the last century: the architecture, consisting of a front of four half-columns, and a pediment with the royal arms, is regular and neat, but perfectly insipid; it is the chief building in Barcelona. In its court are placed statues of Neptune, and the four quarters of the world, which are greatly admired in this city: the first is awkward in the design, and indifferently executed; the others are a most ludicrous confirmation of what we heard yesterday, that no women are suffered to be studied as models in the academy of Barcelona.

CHAP. II.

Road to Montserrat.—Vale of the Llobregat.—Martorel.—Arch of Hannibal.—Ascent of the Mountain.—The Convent.—Hermitages.—A learned Spanish Monk.—Modern Miracles.—The Holy Image.—The Prince of the Peace.—Feast of the Holy Ghost.—Days of Indulgence.—Offices of the Monks.—Return through Terassa to Barcelona.

At six o'clock in the morning of the 27th of May, we mounted our mules, and set out on our excursion. We found the whole road enlivened by commerce and industry. The gardens which surround Barcelona are particularly striking; nothing can exceed their richness and fertility. At a considerable village where the manufacture of lace is carried on, we

passed the Llobregat by a solid and handsome bridge: the view up and down the vale through which it glides, is rich and beautiful beyond description. Here the road divides itself into two, leading to Zaragoza and Valentia; we took the former, which brought us to the foot of the celebrated mountain; and we found it in tolerable order the whole way. The cultivation and fertility of the country surprised and delighted me. The plain of Capra only surpasses it by its pendant vines, but here the prospects are infinitely more various; hemp, corn almost ready for the sickle, vineyards, olive-groves, mulberries, and hedges of aloes, form the principal objects in the view. The Llobregat shews itself here and there; hills covered either with cultivation, or with woods of dwarf-pines, bound

the landscape to the right and left; and Montserrat forms a grand background for the picture. From the clearness of the atmosphere, it seemed but at a little distance, when it was twenty miles from us. The villages are remarkably clean: no heaps of filth as in Italy and Provence, no crowds of beggars; every one was employed; and the only mode of begging which the children practised, is to run out of the gardens and offer you flowers. The present scene, and the prospect of Montserrat gave us a very delightful day. In a little village which we passed this morning, we bought some excellent bread and tolerable wine for our breakfast.

The approach to Martorel is highly picturesque; especially when a turn of the road discovers at once the town and river, the bridge, and the arch of

Hannibal. The learned have doubts respecting the origin of this remnant of antiquity; some attribute it to Trajan: but the common people, with their usual decision, have given it the name of the Devil's Bridge. We found that it has been almost entirely renovated: it is very high; and consists of three pointed arches, a great and two smaller ones. The arch of Hannibal, as it is called, stands on the side opposite the town: it is perfectly simple; being merely an arch of large cut stones without cement, and the rest consisting of irregular stones cemented together. At an inn at Martorel we rested our mules and ourselves for an hour and a half; we then pursued our journey through some groves of dwarf-pines, and a less cultivated country, to the foot of Montserrat. Here we found a small

village, where we reposed a moment before we ascended. The ascent reminded me strongly of the Cornici coast road of the maritime Alps, between Nice and Genoa; though there was no part so bad as to induce us to get off our mules and walk. The mountain is fine on the side towards the sea; but it is in the style of the Derbyshire, and many other white rocks with green brushwood which I have seen, though on a much grander scale than any of them. We were at first disappointed at not finding it covered with spiral cones, as Thicknesse had drawn it; but we "wound our way" in silent expectation; here and there observing an ancient stone cross, which proclaims the mountain to be a religious sanctuary. At length on turning a corner we behold the convent situated in a recess among

the rocks, which rise into cones above it. The building is very unworthy of its place and destination; it is too modern, and has more the air of a manufactory than an abbey: taking it, however, in a general view, it is an awful and picturesque retreat. We prepared our letters, and advanced to the gate: all was silent, except the faintly heard Llobregat in the vale below; the perpendicular rocks called our attention, and reminded us of some antient castle with a hanging turret. The convent itself is a collection of houses, like a town. We entered the gates about five o'clock; and observed a solitary monk, as if returning from his walk: I bowed respectfully to him, and presented my letters; he gave them back, coldly saying they were not for him. He entered the cloister; and

as I observed no one else, I followed him, and begged him to direct me to find the gentleman to whom the letters were addressed: he grumbled a good deal in Catalan, and seemed perfectly out of humour; when fortunately a servant of the convent came up, took the letters, and conducted us to the chamber of father ——, to whom one of them was an introduction. He received us civilly, and offered us wine and chocolate: he spoke pretty good French; which he said he had learnt from four bishops, who at the period of the revolution escaped from the south of France into this asylum. Almost the first inquiry which the monk made of us was, whether we were at war or not? After some conversation, he desired a servant to shew us an apartment; regretting exceedingly that,

on account of the feast of the Holy Ghost (Whit Sunday), we should be very badly lodged: he promised to call us to-morrow at four, and take us round the mountain. Our beds were what the monk had taught us to expect; but the sheets were clean, and we were so fatigued that we did not complain of any little inconvenience.

28th. At four o'clock we were roused by a knocking at our door: father — was ready to attend us; we therefore hastily dressed ourselves, and followed him up the mountain. He had provided us with long sticks, which we found not only useful but necessary. The scene we beheld on leaving the convent gate was magnificent; we were absolutely on a level with the sun, and the whole vale below us was a vast sea of white clouds.

After ascending the hill a little farther, a new and most romantic prospect broke upon us: we beheld at one view thirteen out of the fourteen hermitages, and the convent in its rocky recess beneath. The hermitages immediately above the convent have an effect more picturesque than can be well imagined; while those of St. Jago, St. Juan, and St. Oposse, seem to grow to the cones, and have a most extraordinary appearance: all of them, but particularly these last, seem inaccessible. The mountain rises perpendicularly, but nature has left room for terraces: it has two crowns of cones, or bolsters; one immediately over the monastery, and the other where the hermitages which I have just mentioned are situated, and to which we now proceeded. The first we gained was St. Jago, the re-

sidence of a hermit from Grenada: he prepared us a little chocolate, which we thought to be a very insufficient breakfast, not knowing the hospitable dispositions of the other hermits. This cottage, like all the others, consisted of a little chapel, a passage, a sitting-room, a study, a workshop, and a kitchen: these apartments are of different sizes in different hermitages; but the number of rooms is always the same, except indeed that in some instances the study and the sitting-room are in one. His books were, as might be expected, writings and lives of saints; the *Mistica Condad di Dios* I observed in all. The workshop is for making crosses to employ time, and to give to pilgrims.

We now proceeded to St. Catherine, which is situated below; and

then mounted to St. Inan and St. Onosse, which grow together on the side of a cone: in the former is preserved a bone of John the Baptist, which is the only relic to be found among the hermitages. We now ascended still higher, to St. Madeline, where we were refreshed with some wine and bread. Above this is the highest accessible peak of this part of the mountain. We climbed to it; and, after enjoying the extensive prospect, returned to the cell of S. Madelina: then descending a flight of steps between two cones, called Jacob's Ladder, we came into the valley which runs along the summit of the mountain; this is a perfect shrubbery, and the cones are even here in the most grotesque shapes. The southern crown is called the organ, from its resemblance to a

number of pipes. The day was particularly warm; and notwithstanding the prodigious height, we were scarcely once refreshed by a breath of air during our whole walk. At the end of this valley, on an eminence, stands the hermitage of St. Jerome, which is the most remote and highest of them all: it is not at present inhabited, but a young man is in training for that purpose. Near this is the most lofty station of the whole mountain: on it stands a little chapel dedicated to the Virgin, and the care of which devolves to the hermit of St. Jerome; it has lately been blasted by lightning, which did not fail to remind us of the exclamation of Lucretius. After much fatigue we seated ourselves on this lofty pinnacle, and surveyed the country round. We are here almost too high

to see the traces of cultivation, so that the whole province has the appearance of a hilly desert: indeed the land is not fertile, except in the vale through which the Llobregat flows; but the vast industry of the inhabitants has done every thing that is possible. A stranger is principally struck by the want of towns, especially in that part towards the Pyrenees. The real character of the country, when viewed from a moderate height, is hilly, and a great part of it cultivated; but patches of barren lands, and woods of olives and pines, are every where visible. The winding of the Llobregat, and the grand outline of the snowy Pyrenees are the distinguishing features of the prospect.

Barcelona is concealed by the intervention of a mountain. The

largest town we see is Manrerar, on the road to Laragona. Thicknesse is wrong in supposing that any part of Valentia can be discovered from this height; since it is a flat country, and lies behind the hills of Catalonia. Majorca and Minorca are often discerned from the convent at sunset.

The Pyrenees are neither so lofty nor so irregular as I had expected: they bear a considerable resemblance to the coast of Corsica, which I have lately seen. Just below the eminence on which we stand, is the northern extremity of the rock; perfectly inaccessible, and appearing as if sawn asunder in many parts. We descended once more into the mountain valley, and then climbed to the hermitage of St. Antonio, the smallest of them all; we were refreshed here by an omelet, and our guide rested him-

self while the hermit conducted us to a spot where the echo is heard four times; the approach is difficult and dangerous; but we arrived at it, and called to many of our friends, whose names were four times re-echoed among the rugged peaks of the mountain. Having rejoined the monk at the door of the hermitage, we descended towards St. Trinidad, where we were to dine. We first, however, visited St. Salvador; and were shewn a rent in the rock, which the Benedictine informed us was supposed to have been caused by the convulsion of nature at the passion of Christ, but that this was by no means certain. "St. Cyril, of Alexandria," he gravely proceeded, "describes the ravages of this convulsion; and mentions that they were traced in his day, both in Italy and Catalonia."

I told him that I had seen the rent rock of Terracina.

We arrived at St. Trinidad at three o'clock, being warm and fatigued: this is the largest of the hermitages, and was built originally for a pleasure-house for the convent; it has two stories, is placed at a commanding extremity of the rock, and has a pretty green inclosure behind it. The hermit had prepared us a handsome repast, though he had been restrained by its being a fast-day: he set before us salt fish, an olio of rice, an omelet, some tunny, and a Dutch cheese; and waited on us while we were at table. We rested ourselves here for two hours, and then proceeded to the rest of the hermitages. The first we came to was St. Benito, where the mountain-vicar lives; he was the only recluse whose beard was

shaved. Afterwards we walked to St. Helena and St. Demas; and at length to St. Ann, which was the last object of our peregrination. The situation of this being more central than the others, it is the church to which the hermits descend twice a week to be confessed, and receive the sacrament from the mountain-vicar. We now came down a very steep stair-case into the convent garden; and at seven o'clock entered, perfectly tired, the room of our friendly guide.

This day's expedition was as romantic as the fancy could wish, and curiosity was entirely satisfied; but still the spectacle with which, at a distance, my imagination has frequently been delighted, excited very different sensations when I was obliged to contemplate the reality. It

enthusiasts are to be pitied, how much more so all they who, without being so, are condemned to lead the lives of enthusiasts? The hermits of Montserrat are probably quiet men who, upon the whole, consider this mode of passing their existence preferable to active industry. In my walk round the mountain this morning, I did not surprize one of them at his books, or at his prayers. I saw many of them happy in being able to snatch a short conversation with the labourer who was digging their garden: they all laughed and talked with father —, inquiring eagerly whether it was peace or war; and followed us to the very verge of their prescribed limits, to catch the last words of our conductor. Their garden indeed must be their pleasantest occupation. What delight can

ignorant men have in books? and *such* books! None of them are priests except the mountain-vicar, and one who lives in an hermitage (which we did not see) where the sacred image was discovered. Provisions are carried to them twice a week, but on all great festivals they descend to the convent.

The sensations which these men inspired, partook infinitely more of pity than romance; and the conversations which I had with father —, did not at all tend to improve my opinion of these holy retreats. He united to great kindness and simplicity a considerable store of reading, all the credulity of the tenth century, and a great deal of its bigotry. His reading had been that of a Spanish *savant* (indeed I had been introduced to him in that character): he had pe-



read a great number of historical works, the outlines of philosophy, very few of the classics, and an enormous number of ecclesiastical legends; of the latter he firmly believed every thing, though on other subjects he appeared sufficiently enlightened. He entertained enthusiastic hopes of the triumph of the Roman catholic religion: which, he said, was daily spreading in South and North America; and that the new Emperor of China had given permission to the Spanish clergy of the Philippine Isles to preach the gospel there; that the Grand Seignior had agreed to the institution of a Latin bishop of Smyrna; and he did not fail to hint, with a significant nod, that we had a catholic connection in England, and that a clever king could do what he pleased with his parlia-

ment. He assured me that by the zeal of the jesuits, and latterly of the capuchins, the king of Spain had thirty millions of subjects in America. He complained bitterly against the king's ministers; who, he said, oppressed the clergy in every possible way: the mendicant orders were no longer permitted to send their letters free; and he maintained, that the king took forty *per cent.* from all ecclesiastical benefices. He heard with indifference, perhaps with contempt, my favourable report of the state of religion in England; and soon after took an opportunity of venting his anger at the Reformation, in a great many obvious reflections on the character of Henry the Eighth. He was more acquainted with the political state of Europe than I expected: but though he could talk upon most

subjects, *the monk* shone out in all; yet the mildness and simplicity of his manners were very pleasing. He related to me in a serious and impressive manner, the history of the sacred image which was found in a cave at Montserrat in the ninth century; and the workmanship was, as usual, recognised to be that of St. Luke.*

* The famous Lady of Loretto, and many other Madonas painted or sculptured, claim St. Luke for their author; and indeed so high is his reputation as an artist in Italy, that several even of the best masters have represented him with an easel before him. The idea, however, is founded on a very accountable mistake. The rage for relics and church-decorations which succeeded the establishment of christianity by Constantine, gave employment to a number of artists, among whom one Lucas of Constanti- nople was the most eminent; it is even said that he obtained the appellation of saint from

It was carried towards Zaragosa, but at Manrezor it became immoveable: a sign which was readily understood by the clergy; who carried the figure back again to the mountain, which was immediately given them, and a convent endowed on it by the count of Barcelona. He mentioned with great pleasure the respect in which the Spanish bishops were held, and

only the edifying use which he made of his talents. In process of time, when his works had acquired the rust of antiquity, they were naturally mistaken by ignorance and credulity for the works of the evangelist, and as such, in the eighth century, many of them were carefully transported from Greece into Italy, to avoid the fury of the Iconoclasts. It is needless to add, that imposition took advantage of this error, and has attached the name of St. Luke to almost every remains of religious painting or sculpture of the early ages.

their indefatigable residence: "One bishop," said he, "of Galicia,* who has the see of Orense, is the most holy of them all: it is reported that

* This bishop was Don Pedro de Quevedo y Quintano; from what I could learn respecting the miracles attributed to this prelate, I believe that they are all, (according to Paley's expression) of the *ten tavive* kind, and consist in recovering sick persons from dangerous illnesses by means of prayer and intercession—in this the bishop may be equally deceived with his flock, which is most probable, since I understand he is a man of the greatest piety, and totally given up to the affairs of religion. His palace at Orense is a perfect picture of the simplicity of the early church. He passes his time in the active duties of his office, always dines alone, and during his meal hears the scriptures read to him by a deacon. He resides constantly on his diocese, where he enjoys so high a reputation, that he is certain of being ranked among their saints after his death. 8

he has performed miracles, and indeed I believe it; for I remember him when I was at college at Salamanca, and he was then already a saint!" I could not have conceived that so much ancient prejudice and modern knowledge could have united in one mind; but this is the effect of the inquisition, which still selects and regulates the literature of Spain.* Among the stories with which the monk amused me during my stay at

* Papers are published from time to time by the inquisition, containing new lists of prohibited books, which are pasted against every church door throughout the kingdom; the last came out in March 1801. I carried away one of them, by which I afterwards discovered, from an inscription at the bottom of it, that I had incurred the penalty of the *greater excommunication*.

Montserrat, one was very remarkable; and it is interesting as it relates to the Prince of the Peace. When the court were at Barcelona, the king, accompanied by this upstart minister, made a visit to the convent, the members of which went out to receive him with due respect; but an uncle of the Prince of the Peace, who was one of the most ancient and venerable of the fraternity, to mark the abhorrence in which he held the profligacy of his nephew, instead of joining the procession retired into a remote part of the mountain, and continued there till the royal party had left the convent.

As I have mentioned the upstart minister who now rules without control this great empire, I shall here give place to the most authentic particulars which I have been able to

collect relative to his history, and to the circumstances which have led to his rise. Don Manuel Godoy was born at Badajos about the year 1766 or 1767, of parents, whose necessities were often relieved by the usual donation of soup, &c. at the convents, and who were occasionally employed in secreting smuggled goods during the night. Many of the respectable inhabitants of that city are still living witnesses of the miserable situation of the Godoy family. Their connection with smugglers,* however, increasing as the family acquired strength, it was doubtless that idea that first induced the two elder brothers Luis and Manuel, to be-

* Badajos has existed many years by smuggling only, there being no legal commerce pursued that can be avoided.

come soldiers in the king's life guards, where smuggling is carried on in the most open manner. Luis set out for Madrid and entered a private soldier in the life guards, where he had not done duty long, before his portly figure caught the attention of the then Princess of Asturias, who enjoyed the honours of Queen, Charles III. being a widower. She began in her usual manner of sending him rich presents, such as a snuff-box of tortoise-shell, with her portrait set in gold, which was generally worth an ounce of Spanish gold, or 3*l.* 12*s.* sterling. Sometimes articles of much greater value, and sometimes a purse full of ounces of gold. At length she ventured to procure him a pair of colours, and Luis appeared a complete officer. During this time Manuel arrived; and his brother's

success enabled him to keep him as a cadet rather than to enter as a private soldier, hoping that he should soon be able to procure him preferment. In the mean time the jealous eye of Charles III. regretting his error of forcing his son to marry, became every day more alert to the gross imprudences of his daughter-in-law, and he beheld her attachment to this new-made officer with the most poignant indignation, and sent him into exile, prohibiting his ever coming within twenty-five leagues of Madrid, giving him, however, the command of a company in the militia of Extremadura, and also of an old fortress in that province. He was also promised the cross of the military order of Alcancara, but Charles's passion was too violent to wait that ceremony, and he was dis-

missed with the nominal title of the order. This was the period when the family began to think seriously of nobility; and it was then that they found the noble appendage of *de Alvarez*. Whether the Godoys were originally of Alvarez, and had acquired a title to that seigniory, which the vulgar pronunciation of the Extremadurians had originally contracted, and in fine omitted, is a question I have not found any Spanish antiquary disposed to resolve. It now rests on the *ipse dixit* of the Prince, and there exists no negative evidence. The exile of Luis was effected; and the Queen (the Princess of Asturias) with all the facility that one forgets a lady of easy virtue, forgot her lover in the pursuit of other gallants. It has been said, but erroneously, that her majesty kept

sending him presents in his exile, by the hands of Manuel, who was introduced to her by the Duchess of Alva, under pretext of playing on the guitar, the latter circumstance is too ridiculous to require refutation: but the contrary is the fact, nor does it appear that the Queen ever saw Manuel till after the death of Charles III. Indeed she was too much occupied in meeting with gallants whom she could enjoy, without spending in fruitless efforts the time necessary to her other amusements. During the long banishment* of Luis, Manuel procured an

* The precipitation and rigour of banishment from the court of Madrid, present an example of merciless cruelty and tyranny: the *desterrados* are gone in an hour, no one knows where, no one dares to ask, and no one knows their former friends or connections, lest they should

appointment in the guards, and also had married an amiable young woman, by whom he has had four or five children. At length the death of Charles III. gave existence to the era of our hero's glory. On this event Luis, hoping to be recalled from exile, determined on addressing a loving memorial to her majesty, recalling to her memory the numerous tender pledges of his attachment, and his eagerness again to approach her person. The difficulty of presenting this memorial to the hands of the Queen herself, was the

be involved in a similar fate. Nor does any one dare either to write or receive a letter. Thus a character, as popular in Madrid as some speakers in the House of Commons in London, will be precipitated in a day into an oblivion as great as if dead forty years. These are the blessings of absolute monarchy!

only obstacle; and for this Manuel was deemed the most proper person. This he performed *con acierto*.* Her majesty received the memorial most graciously, but was more struck with the young, bold, and brawny figure that presented it, than with the plaintive tale of an inamorato long since enjoyed. The Queen, after appointing a more convenient hour to take the matter into consideration, and to converse with him personally, dismissed Manuel with a present, which at once indicated her private feelings and personal attachment. From this period fortune seems to have borne him on her wings to the temple of honour, as his advancement was as rapid as the smiles of

* We have no word in English so emphatic as the above to express with effect.

that fickle goddess. Luis's exile was terminated, and he received a colonel's commission in the guards. But a new office was created for Manuel, adjutant-general of the life-guards, with the rank of major-general in the army. He had not held these situations long, till he succeeded, through the consummate address of the Queen, in ingratiating himself with the King, and was shortly after made a lieutenant-general in the army, and called upon to be one of his Majesty's ministers, in the capacity of first secretary of state. It was at this period that he acquired such a complete ascendancy over the King's mind, by doing every thing as he thought proper, without inquiring for his Majesty's approbation. This was so flattering to the King's natural indolence, which hates

political affairs, that he resolved never after to have another minister; and that he should govern and direct the helm of the state as might be agreeable to his particular views. His Majesty felt grateful to the man who had thus relieved him from the burden of government, and he continued pouring honours and wealth upon his head. It was now that Manuel was to be ennobled, and it must be confessed, that he evinced address, in claiming nobility from his ancestors, rather than for his personal merit. Don Manuel Godoy de Alvarez was created a grandee of Spain of the first class, under the title of Duke of Alcadia: the King bestowing on him the royal domain of Alcadia, and also the revenues of four of the most wealthy military orders, which must have been

rather above than below 100,000*l.* sterling a year. The now Duke of Alcadia found his power unlimited ; his most distant relatives all placed in the most lucrative offices ; the most trifling favours of the court not to be obtained without his permission ; and the ancient grandees of Spain paying their court to him, and attending his levees with equal assiduity as those of the King's. The Queen's liberality to him, at least in her personal favours, was unremitting ; and their amours now became so common, so public, and so much in defiance of all decency or decorum, that I should be sorry to abuse the language in a description of their wanton excesses. The period of the war with France arrived, in which the Duke of Alcadia evinced more power than political sagacity. The grand council of

Castille was summoned, which was then a spirited, liberal, and independent body. This council, with the brave Count de Aranda at its head, decided in favour of *defensive* measures, contrary to those of the duke. Their timidity or prudence greatly incensed the Duke of Alcadia, who, determined on *offensive* measures and on plunder, dissolved the council with great indignation, and banished the worthy Count de Aranda to Saragoza, where he survived just long enough to witness the disgrace and downfall of his country. Thus was the most noble and most ancient council in Europe annihilated by the puerile frenzy of a mushroom duke; a council instituted by Alonzo XI. and the conquerors of the Moors in the end of the 10th or beginning of the 11th century; a council too from

whose bosom sprung some of the wisest and most salutary laws, conceived in a genuine spirit of humanity, justice, and I would say liberty, were the word intelligible. This ancient council, which pointedly admonished the emperor Charles V. and which repeatedly checked the sanguinary ambition of the Philips, is now no more. True, another under the same name has been called into existence, but it serves only to emblazon the shield of the Prince of Peace, and not to protect the rights and immunities of the nation. The war with France commenced, and during the time that the Spanish soldiers continued advancing into the French territories, they behaved with uncommon bravery, often fighting and conquering with two to three. The discordancy in the cabi-

net councils occasioned them to receive orders to retire immediately into the Spanish territory, and to act for the future on the *defensive* only. This order struck a panic through the whole army; and they conceived themselves insulted and betrayed, and never after fought either with inclination or courage. The frontier towns fell before the French almost on their approach; and there remained no alternative to save the country, but by making peace. This the short-sighted Duke thought could not be bought too dear under the circumstances, and consequently made a treaty, the folly of which posterity will lament. By this treaty the Spanish territory was curtailed; St. Domingo and Louisiana were delivered up to France; and an article was concluded, by which Spain

was to furnish France with so many ships of the line, well equipped, whenever the latter power should be at war; and also to pay, support, and clothe 45,000 French soldiers to protect Spain, whether in war or peace. For this treaty the besotted Charles IV. made our hero *Principe de la Paz, y Capitan General de los Exercitos Espannoles por Tierray por Mar*; giving him at the same time new domains, and the revenues of several ruined monasteries. Hitherto the impropriety of the Prince's conduct seems the natural consequence of his ignorance; but as his power and titles increased, his character appears marked with traits of treachery, cruelty, and tyranny, which can never be erased. I allude to his treatment of Don Gasper Melchior de

Hovellanes* ; a man of taste and genius ; a philosopher, statesman, and agriculturist, not inferior to any other in Europe. He originally courted, admired, and became the assumed friend of this philosopher, and afterwards, without any other cause than his superior talents, which were uniformly directed by wisdom and penetration to the renovation of his unhappy country, became his most cruel and inveterate enemy, condemning him causelessly to a miserable prison in Mallorca, where he was precipitated from the first secretary-of-stateship, denied all communication with his friends, (even with his wife) and the use of pen, ink, and paper, and where he still drags out a miserably solitary

* The Spaniards write *j*, but pronounce it like an English *h*.

existence. The cruel and unjust sufferings of this most worthy man, will for ever stain the character of our hero with infamy and detestation. His conduct to two other respectable characters, but of less notoriety, was equally criminal and ferocious, falsely accusing them of partiality to the English.

About this period, his whimsical marriage with one of the princesses royal took place. His power now being absolute, and quite independent of the Queen, his contempt for her increased daily; which she perceiving, and never being able to discover whether he was married, proposed to her *manuelito* (a diminutive of great tenderness in Spanish), in the public levee, to marry one of the princesses, then present, to whom she pointed. The prince answered,

“ that he was always ready to receive the favours of her majesty ;” and the then archbishop of Toledo (an Italian) being present, the nuptials were celebrated immediately. This was the completion of his power.

At the re-establishment of the Pope, he obliged the bishops of Spain, who had enjoyed the authority of popes in their respective districts during the interregnum, to tender their obeisance to the new Pope, who in return constituted him “ Protector of the holy Catholic Faith ;” and the archbishop of Toledo, who celebrated his nuptials, was translated to Rome, with a cardinal’s hat. The present archbishop of Toledo and primate of Spain, Louis de Bourbon, is his matrimonial uncle. On the declaration of the unprovoked and unjust war against Portugal, our hero placed

himself at the head of the soldiers, as generalissimo of the army ; but his principal and only achievement was breaking up some convents of women, and dispersing the nuns throughout the country ; a conduct not very consistent with a protector of the catholic faith.

Whilst we view his political character, we behold it tissueed with errors, crimes, and, occasionally, traits of benevolence ; but from his private character we shrink with horror and disgust, at his endless and unlimited debaucheries, unparalleled in any Christian age or country. By amour he acquired his power and honours, and by amour he is determined to hold them. Fathers, mothers, husbands, brothers, will cheerfully conduct their daughters, wives, or sisters, if somewhat handsome, to the atten-

tion of our Prince, in order to procure places and pensions from government. Every Spaniard expects a place or a pension, and he conceives, with justness, such means are the most likely to succeed. A handsome woman of address, indeed, seldom fails to procure either her father, husband, brother, or other relative, a place: but at what a price!!! It is common to see six or seven of these hapless victims in his saloon every morning, with whom, in proportion to their beauty or charms, he regales himself in succession. This is a melancholy picture, but is not the less just. It is, however, a lamentable proof of the danger of satire; and had Cervantes never written his inimitable Don Quixote, a queen would never have dared to dispatch her emissaries to search for galants, much

less a prince have dared to establish a seraglio in the capital of Spain; nor would *cabronazos** have had any other existence than in words. Quixotte is an innocent and amusing work to an English reader, but has proved fatal to the Spaniards. Happy would it be for Spain, had she still knights-errant in lieu of *cabronazos*; her chief towns would not then be desolated by pestilence and famine, nor her degenerate sons sunk in debility and premature old age. Notwithstanding, among those of education, there is still modesty in the men, and chastity in the women.

Of this Prince I shall only add,

* I do not believe that either our language or morals would be benefited by a translation of this word: yet as curiosity may be more dangerous than truth, it means "men who sell their wives' favours."

that he is still a tender and attentive husband to his first wife, for whose relations, as well as his own, he has made the most ample provision. To his second he is by no means unkind. To the Queen he is dreadfully severe; determinedly thwarting all her schemes, and depriving her of every vestige of regal authority.

This unhappy woman, who, whether, as it is said, she be subject to an infirmity of nature, or whether from an abandoned principle, the natural consequence of an Italian education, must be classed with a Messalina, that has greatly injured Spain. Her private memoirs have been published, and said to be authentic by those who ought to know; but as it is a work, were it possible, more scandalous than that of Cleland, oblivion is its only desert. To account

for the contempt and ill-usage of the Prince to her, it has been supposed that she had, in some unguarded moment of pleasure, proposed to him the death of the King, or some such desperate expedient; otherwise it is thought, he never would have dared to treat her in the manner he does. The King, simple man, knows nothing, nor minds nothing but fowling, to which he is extremely attached, and is an excellent marksman. The Queen is devoted to the searching for gallants, and the Prince conducts the government, and creates new nobles as he thinks fit. He is not really an enemy to learning, as he has been accused, but his schemes to protect it have been badly conceived, and proved equally fatal to the progress of knowledge. An instance appears in the absurd privilege given

to the late Don Joseph Cavanilles, whose pupils only were permitted to fill the professors' chairs in the different universities and public schools; all others, even those of prior information, not disciples of Cavanilles, were prohibited being professors of botany. Cavanilles resided a long time in Paris, where he acquired more cunning and intrigue than philosophy; and his great labours consisted in reducing (improperly) the classes of Linnæus to fifteen. Such have been the left-handed efforts of the Prince to protect learning, and encourage the arts and sciences. Of his manners, they are strongly marked with provincialism; at first violent and impetuous; then cool, repentant, and meditative, and, in fine, passive, yielding, and friendly. He is a very able-bodied man, at present

very corpulent: of a figure more agreeable from its strength than beauty; of the deportment of a man of business rather than that of a courtier or philosopher; and of a mien more strong than noble. He is not destitute of talents, yet he rarely shews that depth of perspicacity or shrewdness, which uneducated men, of strong minds, generally evince. His levees are regularly and numerous attended by the first nobility of Spain; and he is not wanting in attention to the fair part of his visitants. He is, however, hated and feared by the ancient grandees, whose privileges and influence he has greatly curtailed. In short, his ignorance, his pride, and his debaucheries, have ruined and disgraced his country, and cannot be held in too great detestation. His annual income has been

estimated at upwards of 250,000*l.* sterling, but is probably much more.

As we returned from Father ——'s chamber to our lodgings, we found the yard and the cloisters of the monastery full of peasants, who had arrived to celebrate the feast of the Holy Ghost in this sanctuary. They were all in their holiday apparel, and seemed to consider it a great festival: some had brought their own provisions; others purchased them at a shop which was instituted for the purpose in the abbey, and made little fires to cook them. At night they made their beds all round the cloister, which served also as a stable for their mules.

Whit-Sunday, 29th. We were awakened early this morning by the bustle of visitors assembled from the neighbouring country. At seven we

breakfasted in the cell of Father ——. He told us that we were too late for an *office*, which had been sung at four o'clock that day by the choristers; but at half-past eight the brotherhood will sing *thirds*. At this hour we attended in the church, which the monk told us was respected as much as any in Christendom, even those at Rome. It is a dismal building of the age of Philip II., ornamented with flowers richly gilt. The choir is a raised gallery above the door; and the precincts of the altar are divided from the nave by a high iron grating. A vast number of silver lamps, given and maintained by the piety of individuals, are suspended within this enclosure. Above the altar the celebrated sacred image glittered in all its finery. *Thirds* were sung, accompanied by the or-

gan; after which the monks descended, and made a procession, singing round the cloister. Upon their return to the church, high mass was chanted; the organ, and a band of fiddles, bassoons, &c. alternately accompanied, and a more lively selection of opera music was probably never heard. During this the people seemed to be engaged in private prayer: those that knelt had their eyes fixed on the Virgin, and were evidently in earnest supplication. After the hermits had received the communion, the high mass was finished; *sixths* were immediately sung, and the whole business of the morning was over about half past eleven. Upon leaving the church, a general confusion took place to prepare dinner; and it was not without considerable exertion that the day did not

turn out to us a perfect fast. At half past four o'clock we rejoined Father ——— in the sacristy; and here he shewed us the treasures of the convent, which is now the richest in the world. The chief relics are, a bone of John the Baptist; some wood of the cross; two thorns from Christ's crown, one of which had its point bloody; the bodies of several African bishops who fled from the Vandals into Sardinia, &c.

The treasury contains a vast number of diamonds and precious stones, formed into the most tasteless ornaments. The large crown of the Virgin is the richest and ugliest of them all. A good cameo of Medusa's head, and a large opal, have been attempted to be purchased by many English travellers. These are kept in a passage leading to the sacristy, to

which any one may have access ; and a very common lock and key is their only protection except the Virgin, who, our conductor told us loudly before the people, was the surest safeguard. When we had seen these he led us up a narrow staircase into three little oratories : that in the middle has a door which opens into the niche where *Nostra Senora di Montserrat* is placed. After a curtain had been dropped between the lady and the church, and two or three candles lighted, we were permitted to approach the venerable image. The wood of which it is made, is perfectly black from age. The countenances of the mother and the child are without meaning ; but the expression is not, as I have seen it in some objects of devotion, absurd or ridiculous. The crown of the *Virgia*



is superb but in the most barbarous taste : it was made by a monk at Lima, and is studded all over with large emeralds. The image is about six feet high. Father —— told us it was not presumed to know of what wood it is made ; and gravely added, that a painter who wished to give a colour to its African visage, was instantly struck blind for his audacity. As we were walking in the convent garden this afternoon, whence Father —— pointed out to us a road by which we might return to Barcelona, I resolved, before I parted with a man so well versed in catholic history and ceremonies, to enquire of him of the days of indulgence granted by his church. He told me that it was the usage of the primitive church, to impose a penance of a certain number of days, months, and

years, upon those who were guilty of what are denominated mortal sins; such as adultery, murder, sacrilege, &c. : but when the delinquent manifested a great feeling of penitence, the term of his penance was abridged a certain number of days, which were called *days of indulgence*. These penances were instituted to wipe off the offences in this world, which must otherwise be expiated in purgatory. At present the church has left off inflicting such punishments, and in consequence sinners are referred to a future state for their sufferings; but the Pope, to whom the keys of heaven and hell are given, possesses the same power to abridge the term of penance in the next as he has in the present world, which privilege he still exercises, and upon certain conditions (such as confession

and penitence) delivers to sinners indulgences both limited and plenary; but the Pope only can confer to churches the power of granting *plenary indulgences*. Bishops may grant forty*, and archbishops eighty days;

* There is evidence of this custom in St. George's chapel at Windsor. A missal was formerly placed in one of the arches of the nave, which still retains the following inscription in Gothic characters: "Who lyde this Booke here? The Reverened Fader in God, Richard Beauchamp, bishop of this diocess of Sarysbury. And wherefore? To this intent, that preests and ministers of Goddis church may here have the occupation thereof, saying divine service: and for all other that lysten to sey thereby the devotyon, as heth he any spiritual nede: yet as moche as our Lord lyst to reward him his good intent, praying every man whose dute or devotyon is eased by this booke, they will say for him thys commune oryson, Domine Jesu Christe, knelyng in the presence of this holy crosse; for the wyche

but several prelates may subscribe their quotas, and make up an inviting number, as we see in the common paper pasted on almost every door in Catalonia: "Ave Maria potissima sin peccato concebida," with the promise that whoever devoutly repeats these words gains one thousand two hundred and sixty days of indulgence. Any one who visits the church of Montserrat once in a year, is confessed, and receives absolution, gains a plenary indulgence. Such is the explanation which I received of these frequent inscriptions, *Indulgenza plenaria, quotidiana toties quoties,*" which had so

the reverend fader in God aboveseyd hath granted of the tresure of the churche to every man 40 dayys of pardon."

Richard Beauchamp lived in the reign of Edward IV.

often excited my curiosity in Italy. After taking leave of Father — with every expression and feeling of gratitude, we returned to our apartment. In our way thither we observed the holiday-peasantry eagerly employed in purchasing ribbands, crosses, rosaries, and rings, from a shop in the convent; and we have since scarcely seen a common man or woman without some such amulet, particularly the rings.

The monastery of Montserrat was founded, as I have before mentioned, in the ninth century, by the count of Barcelona; it is of the Benedictine order, which has been reformed into many different congregations. This is the congregation of Valladolid. The convent consists of eighty monks, all priests, who have thirty converts, or lay-brothers, to